

Napoleon. He became very quiet later in the evening and we decided we would leave him alone in a cabin to see if he would sleep. But we discovered a few minutes later that he had opened one of the port-holes and was waving outside with a handkerchief. He was the Prince of Wales signalling to his fleet to rescue him. As the light was showing out through the open port-hole we had to stop him. Afterwards two of us were always in the cabin, constantly talking to him to keep him quiet. About six in the morning he managed to break away and rushed out on deck. The crew were washing down the deck, and, as he was bare-footed, he slipped just before reaching the railing. As he went down we all piled on him. He was strong, but did not have a chance against six of us. He got no further chance to break away as all the guard remained in the cabin with him until we were relieved from duty at eight.

Outside of an inspection of our feet by the M.O., Sunday passed very quietly.

Monday was clear and fine. It was reported that the British Atlantic fleet had passed us during the night. There is now a first class battleship of the King Edward VII class leading the centre line of the fleet. About eight this morning we saw the smoke of a vessel on our port bow. The ship was travelling very fast toward the north and we did not get close enough to see what it was. Our convoy did not seem to be excited about it. There was an inspection of chests this morning by the M.O. We saw a school of porpoises this morning. They were travelling along leaping out of the water and presenting rather a strange sight. A mail steamer passed us this morning, going west.

Tuesday, October 13th.—It is damp and misty this morning with a strong blind blowing and a choppy sea. We expect to sight land today or tomorrow. Nobody has any idea as to what port we are going. We are simply following the cruiser leading our line.

The trip across has necessarily been a slow one, as we had to accommodate our speed to that of the slowest transport in the fleet. We have never exceeded ten knots. The "Zeeland" is a very steady boat and we did not seem to be rolling as much as the other transports. Not having been sick I enjoyed the trip across very much. Our routine has not been very hard. In fact all the officers have been up every morning, doing P.T., before us. Our time has been ad-

vanced every night from twenty to thirty minutes. There is a report going around that we are to be sent to Bushy Park, north of London on the Thames. The English chaps with us say it is a "jake" place.

We are now, Wednesday noon, off the Cornish coast. The sea is full of porpoises, leaping out of the water like horses clearing a hurdle. This morning a four masted square rigged barque passed us. She was scudding along before the wind, a very pretty spectacle. We can see the coast guard stations on the shores of England.

(To be continued)

SOUR PICKLES.

Who were the two Mounted men who left their girls in the Picture show Sunday night, soon as they saw a couple of Sappers from the Pickle factory talking to them?

It's a sure sign the meals are good when the men are all good natured.

Some of the men say they would be willing to sign up for life if Spr. Townsend would agree to make pudding every day.

There is talk of a German spy in the Pickle factory. A Sapper found a couple of carpet tacks in his soup the other day.

Why did Sapper L—t buy a pair of Officer's riding breeches now the war is over?

Sergt. Cooley has gone home to be initiated into the royal order of "Papa's". Good luck, Sergeant!

If it is true the Government is going to issue civilian suits, we hope they get a different tailor to the one they employed on the last batch of uniforms.

Sapper Barrie of the Cook house finds he hasn't enough work to do dishing out the bacon, so he has taken unto himself a wife. Don't neglect the bacon, Barry!

Time—10.30.
Place—4th Floor, Vinegar Barracks. B. Coy. •
(Voice in the dark):—"Hey you! Get into yer dug-outs or I'll put yer in the guard-house—Where were you four years ago. (Silence).
Curtain.

And now with our discharges in sight to cap the climax we have measles at the Vinegar. This is a h—l of a war.

A Dill Pickle.

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